

Just An ODST

by Total Reverse

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Summary: Tom Killigan joined the UNSC to defend the colonies from Insurrectionists. But when the Covenant attack Harvest, he gets more than what he asked for. Rated M for violence later on. Will write/update based on popularity, so make sure to Rate and Review!

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Prologue: Selection

A small bead of sweat rolled down my forehead and across my cheek. I desperately hoped the Admiral wouldn't notice it. I knew the ONI officer with him would, and I knew that she would make a mental note of it. I just hoped she wouldn't point it out to the Admiral currently making his way down the line of candidates. The candidates were all well trimmed with buzz-cuts and recently washed and pressed dress uniforms. Being judged by Admiral Anderson (and ONI) for the coveted position of ODST demanded no less. ODSTs were elite units of the military, only used when regular forces, tactics, and weapons failed. They were comparable to a group of Roman Spartans from the 13th century or a Black Ops team from the 21st. ODST stood for Orbital Drop Shock Trooper, meaning they were dropped in a metal pod from high altitudes or low orbit straight onto the battlefield. This allowed them to be deployed almost anywhere, even behind enemy lines. ODSTs, or "Hell Jumpers" as many marines called them, had to be fearless with nerves of steel. Only a few, lucky individuals made it to this point and even less made it further.

"Killigan, Tom!" announced the clerk that was shadowing the Admiral/ONI pair. He had a tablet with all of the candidate's files. He made no move to hand the tablet to the Admiral, who had surely read everyone's file. In mine he would have found a dedicated marine from Eridanus II who signed up at the young age of 17. He would have also seen that I had served for 7 years, fighting insurrectionists for the past few. I had survived over 62 firefights, been promoted to the rank of Captain Grade 2, and served on 3 ships. I also had an

extensive list of medals that I had been awarded.

"Captain?"

I snapped back to reality to see the Admiral looking at me with an eyebrow raised. I glanced over at the ONI judge and saw her quickly jotting a note on her very expensive and advanced techpad.

"Excuse me, sir?" I asked nervously. I could feel the blood rise to my face, see the glint in the Admiral's eyes, and hear the snickers and silent chuckles of the other candidates.

"I simply asked why you wanted to be an ODS, " he calmly replied.

"I wish to best serve the UNSC, sir." I shot back. I had been prepared for this question; I heard it all the time. After all, ODSs had a high fatality rate.

"That is all Killigan," the Admiral dismissed with a wave of his hand.

The Admiral and ONI operative moved on to the guy next to me, and as they went all I thought was "Hell."

They must make that light flicker. I was sitting in a small room outside of the Admiral's temporary office waiting for him to come out and tell me if I was an ODS or not. To pass the time I was staring at a particularly annoying light. _It's the 26__th__ century, lights don't just happen to be flickering._ It flickered again making my eye twitch. _I bet they use it to make us more nervous. A final test. A test to see if a flickering light would break us or at least irritate us._ The door slid open with a barely audible whoosh sound and the Admiral stepped out with a small techpad that piqued my curiosity. I immediately snapped to attention with a crisp salute.

"At ease son, I have good news and bad news." The Admiral said with a familiar glint in his eye.

Crap, he is going to tell me I failed and that maybe next time I should pay more attention when an Admiral asks me a question.

"The good news is that you've made it into the elite ranks of the ODS. The bad news is that you're shipping out for your next deployment at 0700 tomorrow. If you're not there with all of your personal effects at 0650 then you can still count yourself as a marine." The Admiral explained with a slow smile creeping across his face.

End
file.